

The second Part, to the same Tune.



My garments all are worne to rags,
my body Barnes with cold:
As crawling Verminne eats my flesh,
most grievous to behold.
Where Father come, therefore with speed,
and rid me out of this all,
And let me not in Prison dye,
Oh for your helpe I call.

The good old man no sooner had
perus'd this wretched scrowle,
But trickling teares along his cheeks
most piteously did roole.
Alas, my Sonne, my Sonne, quoth he,
in whom I joyed most,
How halt not long in Prison be,
whateneer it me cost.

Two hundred heads of twelved Beasts,
he changed into gold:
Two hundred quarters of good Coyne,
he sold: the he sold.
But all the same could not suffice,
this pious fat to pay,
till at the last constrain'd he was
to sell his Land away.

When was his Sonne released quite,
his debt discharged cleane,
he was likewise as well to line,
as he before had beene.
He went his loving Father home,
who say to helpe his Sonne
he sold his Living quite away,
and was himselfe undone.

That he lived poore and bare
and in such extreme need,
that many times he wanted food,
his hungry Cows to feed.

His Son mean time in wealth did swim
whose substance now was such,
That sure within the Citty then,
few men were found so rich.

But as his goods did still increase,
and riches in did ride:
Some more and more his hardened heart
did swell in hateful pride:
But it fell out upon a time,
when ten yeares wee was past,
Unto his Sonne he did repaire
for some reliefe at last.

And being come into his house
in very poore array:
It chanced so that with his Sonne,
great States should dine that day.
The poore old man with hat in hand
did then the Porter pray,
To shew his Sonne that at the gate
his Father there did stay.

Whereat this proud disdainfull wretch,
with taunting speeches said,
What long agoe his Fathers house
within the Citty were laid:
What rascall then to that quoth he,
that kainteth to my Gate:
I charge thee Porter presently
to drive him from my Gate.

Which answer, when the old man heard
he was in minde of shame:
He wept, he waild, he woyung his hands,
and thus at length he said:
O cursed wretch, and most unkind,
and worker of my woe,
O thou monster of humanitie,
and she the Fathers foe:

Hans I beene carefull of thy case,
maintaining still thy state,
And dost thou now so doggedly,
inforce me from the gate:
And have I wrongd thy brethren
from thail to let thee free:
And brought my selfe to beggers state,
and all to succore thee?

Whose worth the time when first of
thy body I espy'd,
Which hath in hardnesse of thy heart
thy Fathers face deny'd.
But now behold how God that time
did shew a wonder great:
Even where his Son with all his
were settled downe to meat.

For when the sayrest Pye was eat,
a strange and dreadfull case,
Spoke by Wonders came scolding
and leaped at his face.
Then did this wretch his fault confesse,
and for his Father sent,
And for his great ingratitude,
full saye he did repent.

All virtuous Children learne by this
obedient hearts to shew,
And honour still your Parents deare
for Gods commandes so:
And thinke how he did turne his
to payed Lands indeed,
Which was his Fathers face deny,
because he stood in need.

FINIS

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